

# Student Review

BYU's Unofficial Magazine

year 2, issue 29

Provo, Utah

May 11, 1988



SR art by Susie Guest

## Arizona's Domino Effect

Efforts to recall Mecham sparks other Arizona recalls

by Emily J. Tobler

A year ago, Arizona was a fairly quiet state—at least to most outsiders. Usually, the first thing that came to mind when Arizona was mentioned was the Grand Canyon. Today, however, many people without hesitation think of the ex-Governor Evan Mecham. The ex-governor's impeachment, the first in the United States for more than a century, has been the center ring of a political circus that still hasn't stopped. In fact, local Arizona governments seem to have started hopping on the bandwagon.

The people in Arizona's Bullhead City seem to have adopted the mentality of their namesake, having already recalled one city councilman and making plans to recall three more on August 9th. Editor Jim Dirr of the Mohave Valley News, the paper based in Bullhead City, said that Ev Mecham's recall and impeachment "had definitely sparked something" which led to the recall of the councilmen.

Dirr went on to say that Arizona has been swept by a new wave of enthusiasm—Ev Mecham has opened a lot of eyes and people have realized the power of their voice in Arizona government.

Of course, the events leading to

Bullhead's recall binge were much different from those that caused Mecham's demise. Bullhead is Arizona's fastest growing city, located on the Colorado River bordering southern Nevada. Most of the city's new population is transients who have come to find jobs in the low-budget casinos of Laughlin, located across the river in Nevada.

Problems started two years ago when the city incorporated. Several men prominent in Bullhead's real estate business opposed incorporation because of the added real estate restrictions that would occur. After incorporation, they ran for city council, thus gaining sizable influence in the real estate decisions made by Bullhead. The pattern of their voting on the council revealed their conflict of interest, thus providing the tinder for the recall fire which was later sparked by the Mecham controversy.

Indeed, Arizona voters are still discontent. Particularly on Arizona's college campuses, there are people who feel that Arizona should still go through with Mecham's recall so that the voters will be able to voice their discontent for the ex-governor.

*"Evan Mecham has failed  
As a newspaperman.  
As a governor.  
As a businessman."*

—Pat Murphy

Publisher, Arizona Republic

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## The Rising Generation

*Mormon Scholarship at FARMS Gathers Momentum*

by Bruce Pritchett

For the past several decades, Book of Mormon scholarship has seemed to be dominated by one figure: Hugh Nibley. The man's brilliance is legendary. As a graduate at Berkeley, he started at one corner of the library's ninth floor and systematically read every book he thought interesting. He can speak nearly twenty languages. He is the only man on earth commonly known to be conversant in all the languages of the ancient world. And he has dedicated his brilliant mind to convincing the world that the Book of Mormon is true—for both the scholar and the man of faith.

But Hugh Nibley won't be around forever. He is still vigorous, but the fact remains that he is seventy-eight years old. Within the past decade, however, a new generation of Mormon scholars has emerged to continue Hugh Nibley's tradition of faithful, scholarly inquiry.

One of the most significant events of the rising generation of Mormon scholarship occurred in 1979, when three scholars—John W. "Jack" Welch, John L. Sorenson, and Kirk Magleby—established FARMS, a non-profit organization whose full name is the Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies. Since its beginning, FARMS has grown to include more than 14,000 people who receive its quarterly newsletter or contribute to its stockpile of scholarship.

What attracts all these participants? One reason is that FARMS supplies all materials at cost since it's a non-profit organization. Also, their careful research usually appeals to both the scholar and the layman. Recent FARMS projects include the following: the "Collected Works of Hugh Nibley," which just last week released the sixth volume in that series; the complete unedited tape recordings of Nibley's fall and winter semester Book of Mormon classes, research by Steven Ricks on similarities between Near-Eastern covenant-making and King Benjamin's methods of covenant-making; and Noel Reynolds' research on I Nephi as a political document justifying Nephi's right to succeed his father as "ruler and teacher."

Furthermore, FARMS' current director, Jack Welch, is a man of no mean abilities himself. While on his mission, he discovered that the Near Eastern literary device called *chiasmus* also occurred in certain Book of Mormon passages. When he returned to BYU he wrote the first article on this phenomenon in the Book of Mormon, which was published in *BYU Studies* while he was still an undergraduate. He received both his bachelor's and master's degrees at the same commencement ceremony, gradu-

ating as valedictorian in the process. He then attended Oxford from 1970 to 1972 on a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship.

During his tenure as FARMS director, Welch has also served as a campus ward bishop (he was recently released after five years), acts as a director for BYU's Religious Studies Center, teaches classes as a faculty member at BYU's law school, teaches honors Book of Mormon classes, and is a father of four.

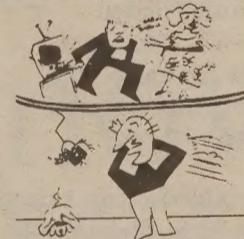
As a research foundation, FARMS is

*The wealth of information FARMS has gathered carries with it the intellectual momentum to create not just one great Mormon scholar, but a whole generation of them.*

encouraging a whole generation of Book of Mormon scholars. FARMS has published works by such men as co-founder John Sorenson, who once chaired BYU's anthropology department. His book *An Ancient American Setting for the Book of Mormon* is

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# Student Review

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## Publisher's Note

# Ah, Spring! And a young lad's heart turns to—*Student Review?*

With the coming of summer, *Student Review*—like many students—will change its outlook. One major change is that it goes from a weekly to a monthly magazine. This corresponds to the drop in enrollment at BYU and a smaller circulation. These aspects, combined with the nice warm weather we all look forward to, allow *Student Review* a more innovative and intimate format.

With this intimacy in mind, I thought I would answer a few of the more common questions about the *Student Review*. These questions usually revolve around one big question which, especially for newcomers, is: "What is *Student Review*?" The fact is, it's difficult to describe the *Review* because it is so many things to so many people. At the same time, I guess, it is generally accepted as BYU's official *unofficial* newspaper. *Student Review* is "the alternative paper," and just what *that* means is hard to define.

To some it represents the student voice on campus, national, and international issues (as opposed to the "party line"). To others it is the only "media" organization where you don't have to take a prerequisite class to contribute. To me *Student Review* is a student-owned and student-run business which offers valuable experience to any interested person, without regard to background. It also represents an alternative student voice in a nonlaboratory situation. It is a clean environment which produces the opportunity to make friends and to learn about business, writing, editing, and publishing. For me *Student Review* is a collective expression of individualism.

The goal of the *Review* has not been to compete head-to-head with other laboratory-oriented media but rather to offer students a diversity of opinion and an opportunity to share theirs without the fear of heavy-handed censorship. This aspect of the review is captured in its relatively low level of advertising (no more than 33 percent) and its weekly (or monthly) magazine format. Especially during the summer months the magazine tries to be receptive to innovation and change in order to best represent the readers' tastes and interests.

Content and goals aside, many people wonder about the day-to-day operations of the *Student Review*. For example, it seems obvious that students write and submit articles, but what happens after that? For all practical purposes, the *Review* can be divided into three basic areas: editing, production and business. The editors write, solicit, and edit articles. They are essentially responsible for the content of the *Review*. The production crew takes the edited

articles and arranges them on the pages to make them look nice. They use a desktop publishing program with Macintosh® computer systems, and they are generally responsible for the aesthetic tone of the magazine. They also laserprint the final sheets, lay them out and take them to a large printing company, which runs off the actual copies of the *Review* that readers pick up at distribution stands. The last phase of the magazine's editing and the production is the artwork. It is all drawn by talented students and is coordinated, by the art director, to accentuate the articles and to maintain a more magazine-oriented style.

Members of *Student Review* staff are paid only by the pride they have in the finished copy, the parties they attend, the experience they acquire, and the friends they make. A common misconception is that they receive a large financial compensation for their work, as is the case with other media organizations in the area. The staff on the *Review* is definitely not here for the money.

This area of the organization is almost exclusively entrusted to the business staff. In fact, a handful of hardworking businesspeople is the main reason that the *Review* has remained afloat as long as it has. Also, *Student Review* is more financially solvent now than it has ever been. Where does the money come from? It comes from donations, subscriptions and mostly from local advertising. Representatives of the magazine contact interested businesses and sell advertisements in conjunction with the diverse style and readership of the *Review*. We also have an office, a post office box, and a phone which we pay for either in cash or through barter. Therefore, *Student Review* magazine actually is a real business and it is a subsidiary of *Student Review Communications, Inc.*

Many of my friends and associates have queried about the "workings" of the organization. I hope to have answered most of the basic questions, but perhaps the most common question of all will still go unanswered... What is the *Student Review*? *Student Review* is an organization of the students, by the students, and for the students, and if you really want to form your own opinion, you are cordially invited to participate. Throughout the Spring and Summer terms we will hold orientation meetings, but you don't have to wait for them. Call one of the staff members today, or call or write our office and we'll try to help you, help us, help you.

—Mike Bothwell  
publisher

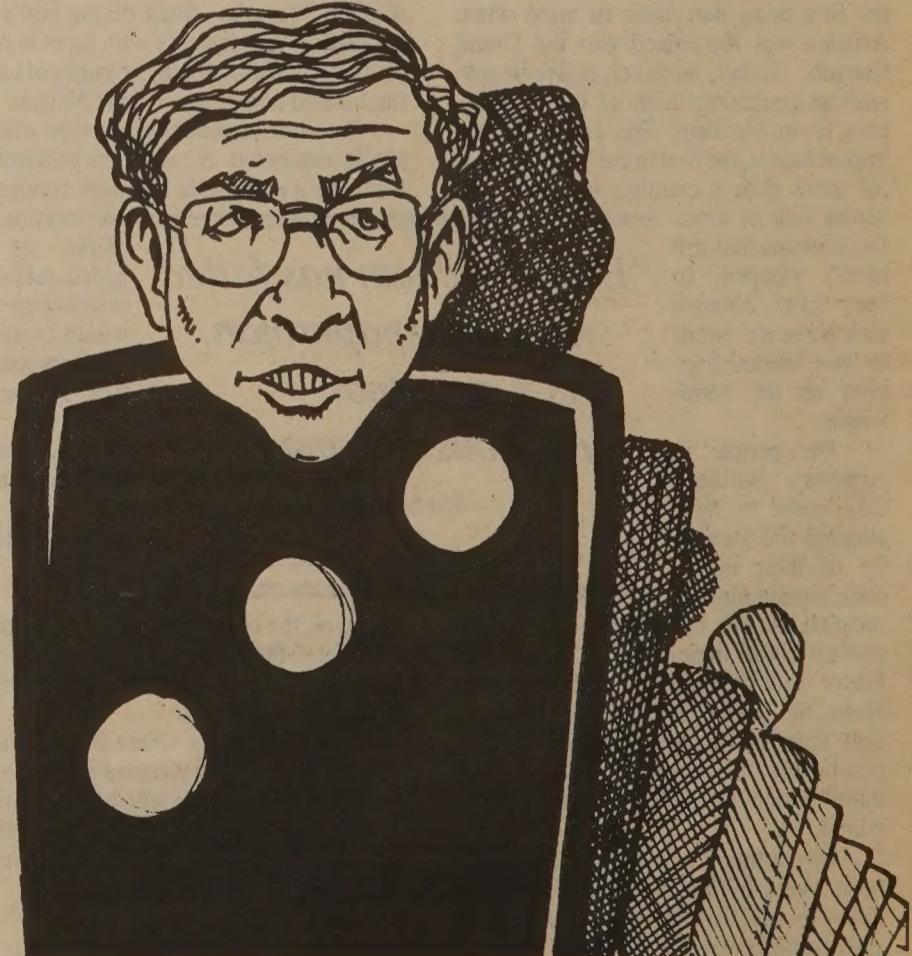
## Mecham from front page

On the other hand, Mecham still has loyal followers who feel that he was treated unfairly by the press. They insist that the *Arizona Republic* made it a point to destroy Mecham's political career. Ex-Governor Mecham's nephew, a student at BYU, wrote an editorial in the *Daily Universe* claiming that the *Republic* had been trying to destroy Mecham because in the 60's he established a newspaper to rival the *Republic*.

Pat Murphy, publisher of the *Republic*, remarks that this is just untrue, that Ev Mecham is a victim of himself. "Ev Mecham has failed. He failed as a newspaperman, he failed as a governor, he failed as a businessman (he recently sold his auto dealership). I'll let you draw your own conclusions from there." However, it seems that the main reason Mecham's paper failed was not because of managerial ineptitude, but because he failed to find enough advertisers or other financial backers.

Murphy also expressed the discontent of many Arizonans when he said, "I think the damage Evan Mecham created was that he encouraged a lower standard in Arizona politics."

Murphy views the recent voter uprisings in Arizona as a positive sign that Arizonans have a spirit of progress, that they are a wholesome people willing to deem this as a mistake and leave the Mecham mess behind them. Arizona voters now seem more willing to use their voting power to really improve government.



SR art by Brian Kubarycz

# CAMPUS LIFE

# Living with the Loud People

by Eric D. Kleinman

Spring term 1988. My last academic session as a BYU student, and although I had the burden of Math 119 it looked like it would be a most pleasant end to my undergraduate career.

Then the Loud People moved in upstairs. I had known that the quiet, unobtrusive, if somewhat promiscuous man who lived upstairs was moving, but I was totally unprepared for the new tenants.

They moved in on a Saturday morning just before dawn. Why let half the day waste away before getting started?

Everything they owned was heavy. Even their throw rugs seemed to be made of the thickest New Jersey harbor oil-soaked hemp rope. They apparently had no fragile items because everything they brought in seemed to be dropped on the floor from at least waist level.

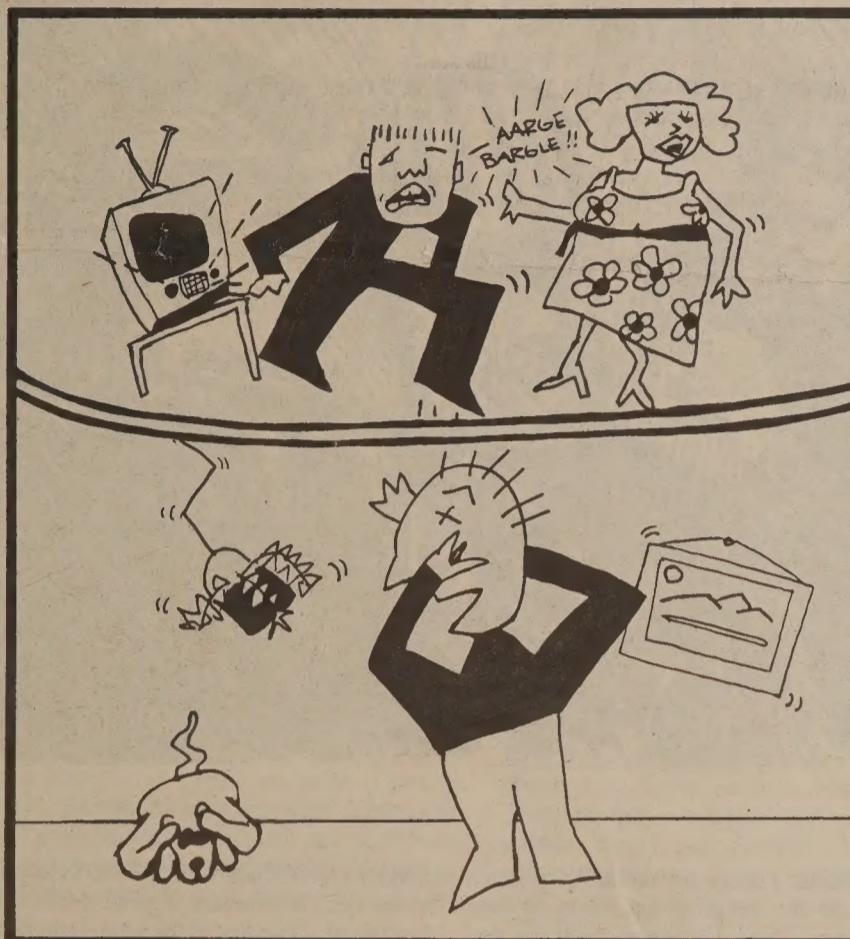
While the atomic weights of the various objects dropped to the floor were considerable, they couldn't begin to match the masses of the Loud People themselves; no one walks heavier than the Loud People.

No one is more restless than the Loud People: they made 123 trips across their apartment floor in a 75 minute period.

O.K. moving to a new home can be traumatic. I figured I'd cut them some slack, let them get adjusted.

My benevolence lasted one week.

The first weekend in their new apartment was cause for a house warming celebration. Who to invite? Why, EVERYONE, of course! Okay, not everyone—I wasn't there. My wife wasn't there. (I know because she was with me.) However, I did see a school bus from the Nebo school district parked on the street, and at about 9:45 p.m. a limo



brought the Ambassador and a small delegation from the Bahrainian embassy in L.A.

I declared all-out war on the Loud People. My wife wanted to put a note on their door that said, "The walls are thin, but you're not!" But I decided that was too straight forward; I work best when I'm sneaky.

In retaliation I turned the ringer on my

phone up all the way. Whenever my wife and I were gone I'd call home on a pay phone and just let it ring. I know how to deal with Loud People.

I parallel parked really close to them on the street so they would have to do a 32-point maneuver to get out.

I flushed my toilet whenever I walked by

the bathroom—the water runs for hours after a flush in my complex.

The Loud People countered all of this by wearing ankle weights when they were home, adding to their superhuman mass.

They threw seemingly random objects on the tile kitchen floor. Repeatedly.

They shut each window in their apartment with a slam of defiance. Twice. Each night. At 12:57. It was almost ritualistic.

This battle of obnoxious wits lasted for several weeks. And then one day I found reason behind the arbitrary aural madness of the Loud People.

I was moaning to my mom over the phone one day about the Loud People. She laughed and said, "Oh, that sounds like us when we lived over the Kafaters that one year, remember?"

I was stunned.

Had I once been a Loud Person? I was seven that year! How could I remember? I had to call 42 people including BYU information last semester to find out the name of the quarterback who played behind Robbie Bosco in 1985 because I couldn't remember, and I'm supposed to remember that I was a Loud Person when I was seven?

Well, we aren't saved in ignorance. I knew I was being repaid now by some cruel, sadistic Overseer of Apartment Life for being a Loud child in apartment 209.

Everything comes around.

Now when the Loud People stomp through their apartment or blast their radio and do tumbling routines in their living room I suffer in quiet dignity.

The other day their toilet exploded and it flooded our apartment.

I just thought about the Kafaters and smiled.

# What We Don't Know

by Don Norton  
Professor of English

When my students ask me (as they often ask many professors) what teacher they should take for this or that class, or whether this or that teacher is a good teacher, I put the burden of judgment back on them: "Find out for yourself—first, whether the teacher is an honest learner and scholar; and second, whether the teacher will respect your agency as a learner."

"How do I determine that?"

"Quite simply. Attend the class for two or three sessions, enough time to identify the professor's strong views on an issue in his or her specialty. At a naturally opportune moment, request the professor (and be humble and respectful about it) to give the best evidence against one of those views; or to set forth explicitly the assumptions upon which the view rests."

"If the teacher willingly and ably does that, showing genuine respect for the contrary view, and identifying thoroughly the implicit assumptions of both (or all) views, then you are in good hands."

"By contrast, if the teacher becomes defensive, treats you condescendingly, is unable or unwilling to set forth the assumptions implicitly in the view, or fails to speak respectfully—even positively—of contrast-

ing views, then you are not in good hands. Your professor is not a trustworthy scholar."

The principles implicit in this counsel are simple.

In matters of knowledge—of teaching and learning—we are all, teacher and student alike, but children: in plain terms, no one of us has any corner on knowledge.

Granted, we who teach have many "facts" in our heads; most of us have a little, perhaps even much, experience—certainly more information and experience than our students may have. But that doesn't mean necessarily that we know more. In the face of what is really true, of what might be known—in the face of real understanding—we, professor and learner alike, remain novices. We know a little, but not a lot (despite our illusions of competence); every day of learning, even in our specialties, should be new and exciting, full of surprises, occasion for continuous modification, often even total revamping, of much of what we think we know.

In the first place, our knowledge and understanding are necessarily incomplete and hence tentative. This reality is axiomatic in all disciplines.

Second, all knowledge and understanding are gifts of God (John Taylor insisted that the great sin of the learned of every generation is to take credit for discovering what God

has in fact revealed—in all subjects), dispensed or withheld as God sees appropriate. Although we humans can agree on some basic aspects of the world we live in, only those enlightened by the Spirit know the real meaning of what goes on about us; and we humans haven't the power to generate knowledge, only elaborate on and apply to a small extent what we are given. By promise, God dispenses knowledge to those who righteously seek it ("seek and ye shall find"); but to others, he seems to give certain kinds of knowledge freely, seemingly regardless of the merit of the recipient.

Thus among us, even our students, have the gift of knowledge; some of us may not, whatever our presumptions. We may presume the gift, while lacking it; or we may have it but pervert it (that is, use it to selfish ends).

As academics, perhaps our worst temptation to "institutionalize" learning and knowledge—to formalize its acquisition and dispensation: by the establishment of schools, disciplines, degrees, publications, rigid learning settings, titles, and the reciprocation of honors.

Ivan Illich addresses this latter point (the nature of institutions). Whenever a human service or activity becomes institutionalized, he claims, it comes to contradict its avowed

intent: ministers foster guilt, lawyers promote injustice, medical doctors cause more disease than they cure (he's written a whole book on that point), etc., etc. And schools thwart learning.

These principles come into especially clear focus when you study other cultures, particularly nonwestern or nonindustrialized cultures. That's why I always encourage students to take courses in anthropology: they find that our western ways are but one way of looking at the universe, and often a very narrow and naive way.

But even a casual look at the literature of any major university discipline should be enough to cause a would-be disciple to tremble. I certainly know of no contemporary discipline in which the basic premises on which it rests, as well as the interpretations of the basic body of data it has created, are not seriously questioned by leaders within the discipline itself. My own specialties—composition and applied English linguistics—are certainly in a royal state of mess. Some recent voices question even the possible existence of a "discipline" in either subject.

If we are to believe certain thinkers in the "hard sciences," we should not only allow,

please see **Know** on page 4

# Endangered Species at BYU

by Amber Wood

While serving my time here at BYU, I've seen a lot of things—some of which I'd like to see more of, and some which I keep hoping was only a Dallas-esque dream. I like to meditate about these things while I'm trying to fall asleep at night, in between trying to figure out the meaning of life and how I'll finally end up meeting Mel Gibson and William Hurt.

On one of the many nights I've practiced being an insomniac, a thought struck me that made me bolt out of bed (and as an added attraction, made my roommate a very unhappy person by interrupting her obviously intense dream). I tried to remember the last time I'd sat through a class where every student hadn't packed their books up 5 minutes before class ended, and I couldn't. Then I tried to recall when a library employee had been kind enough to let me in at 10:50 on Tuesday after I'd raced across campus trying to beat the clock, but all I remembered were the days of wine and roses when they didn't lock the doors for "optional" devotional attendance. As a last resort, I attempted to come up with a memory of being able to walk from the Twilight Zone to the Bookstore without having to dodge groups of people who find it necessary to socialize in the middle of a high-traffic area, but alas, I failed. It was actually somewhat frightening to think that certain elements at BYU are no more.

Once this train of thought was firmly planted in my brain, and I realized that I wouldn't be able to sleep until I had worked it through, I decided to milk it for all it was worth. So, I tried to think of things that I have found unmistakably absent in our campus/world. Actually, I was surprised to see how many things I came up with, especially at that



time of night. I ended up with a list of items that are on the verge of extinction, if they aren't already dead and gone. With my reasoning that if it's good enough for the Audabon Society, it's good enough for the BYU, I compiled a chart of Endangered Species right here at BYU. Here's a Reader's Digest Condensed Version:

## "NON-GROPERS" AT DEVOTIONALS

About once a semester, I go to a fireside or devotional. (The rest of the time, I can rationalize my non-attendance with homework, a headache, or complaints of the lack of leg room at the Marriott Center.) About 5 minutes into the guest speaker's comments, I remember why I only go once a semester—PDA all

over the place! To my right, I have the couple who fondle each others' hands, legs, arms, backs, etc. In front of me, a young man spends more time kissing his fiancee's shoulder than listening to the talk. Then we have the couple behind me; he whispers sweet nothings into her ear. Although he doesn't realize it, what he's actually doing is speaking sweet nothings into her general direction, which is the air space between her and my ears. When I lament about this to others, I usually get a reaction of "Try it, you'll like it." It's true; my background in these situations is somewhat limited, but I have problems believing I would publicly display my affection when I'm trying to listen to a General Authority. Non-member friends ask me why we get married so young and so quickly; if they came to a fireside, they'd see it was morally necessary.

## PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY LIKE SCHOOL

A friend of mine recently shared her new philosophy with me: "School is hard...I hate it." Of course, I immediately adopted it as a personal credo. But to be perfectly honest, it's not quite true. I hand-picked a major that 1) I thought I would enjoy, and 2) wouldn't be very difficult. So far, I haven't had any problems since I got into it. However, I still hate school. Not learning, but the process of tests, papers, and due dates that are all encompassed in the institution of "school." Conduct your own survey—ask people why they're going to school and if they really enjoy it. I did, and the results were astounding. The answers for the first question included "To get a high-paying job," "So I don't have to be a gas station attendant," "To keep my parents from killing me,"

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but expect, that major theories and even "facts" are quite unwarranted; scientists are predictably reluctant to see things differently than they now generally do.

What of our spectacular modern technology? Is that not a sign of progress? A few months ago I asked an anthropology professor what he perceived to be the greatest threat to the modern world. "Technology," he replied without hesitation. "Despite its clear utility, it creates a frightening illusion of self-sufficiency and control, which has detracted the western world from real human values."

Were the "soft sciences" (psychology, sociology, political science) discovered, or "invented"? That appears to be a very real and urgent question of our decade. Is it right to generalize at all about human behavior?

Do the arts and humanities, as we typically teach and presumably appreciate them, genuinely contribute to the betterment of the human soul?

Let me state my point in the vernacular: "Everything is up for grabs. Much, perhaps most, of what we think we know, we do not. At least we do not know the meaning of what we may happen to know."

Our response to this state of affairs should be neither cynicism nor resignation. The situation is an invitation, like none before, to us all to engage in the exciting search for truth—but not in the manner in which the scholars of the world do, though some of their tools and other methodologies may occasionally be useful. As our Church leaders have constantly ex-

horted us, our search should be guided and measured by the light of the restored gospel, and by the gift of continuous revelation. We and our students should break loose from the confines of our disciplines and rely on the liberating force of the Spirit.

The emphasis in our classrooms should be on a variety of useful tools and proper attitudes for learning, including many we now reject or downplay. History, the minds of other contemporary cultures, and our own intuitive impulses may guide us down far different paths than we now follow in our narrowly formalized disciplines. The consequences?

Certainly our methods of teaching and testing would change. In the classroom we would emphasize alternatives and choices—competing views, along with their relative strengths and limitations. Any "party line" would be out. Our exams would become opportunities for students to explore responsively their own impulses (the objective test would certainly all but disappear). Our students would become true learning colleagues—we would expect to learn from them as much as they would learn from us. In every discipline, we would try to discover and consider from other cultures the best they may have received and preserved. We would certainly thrust on students responsibility for their own learning—and then "reward them" (if grade them we must) for their resourcefulness, not for their ability to parrot us.

It would all be a refreshingly different scent than we now have

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# Mormons, Marriage and Divorce

by Elden Nelson

My parents are divorced. In ordinary society, that statement doesn't have much shock value anymore, but when my Mormon friends hear about it, they generally respond more drastically than if I had told them that my parents had both been issued the death penalty. Maybe it's the way we have been brought up. From the time we are "Sunbeams," we are told that "Families are Forever." Everything else is temporary. Every Monday night, we would get together and play games and eat and talk about the gospel. It almost always came down to one thing—no matter how bad it gets in this world, if we stick it out, everything will be okay, because we would *always* have each other. Nobody ever mentioned that there were other possible scenarios.

I honestly don't remember meeting somebody from a divorced LDS home until my first year in college. Maybe that is best, because if I had been younger, I probably would have blurted out, "you mean your family won't be together forever?!" As a college student, I still thought it—I just didn't blurt it out. I imagined a forlorn celestial being—no family with him—his "mansion on high" effectively a maximum-security prison. May as well be Hell.

Now I'm back at college and am looking at the same situation from the opposite perspective. From here, I see things that I think a lot of you don't. I've asked a lot of questions that most of you haven't had to. I'm not asking for pity—I've already received it from a number of people, and don't like it. I'm not

condemning those of you who involuntarily gasp when you hear of an LDS divorce—that would be severely hypocritical. I'm not asking for a sweeping change in "Mormon tact." I've just made a few observations since my parents' divorce that are relevant to our LDS sub-culture. I think they are worth considering.

We are prone to misunderstand what a divorce means. Often, I hear from acquaintances after they have met my parents: "Why did they get a divorce? They both seem like

requirement on the temple recommend list.

We tend to take the act of getting married too casually. I am fully aware of the impetus of President Benson's recent priesthood address and M. Russell Ballard's earlier fireside. I don't think my feelings conflict with either of theirs. I agree that when a couple are in love and think they would like to spend the rest of their lives together, they should get married as expediently as possible—regardless of their religion. Procrastination is never a good policy. However, too many of us think

*We tell each other so often about being together in the afterlife that we tend to forget that families are also for now. I've finally realized that it's inane to wait until after you are dead to be with your family*

really good people." They both *are* really good people. That, however, doesn't make a necessarily solid basis for a marriage. Somehow, we have begun to think that temple marriage is a guarantee of compatibility; only through some grievous sin could a temple marriage fail. Unfortunately, this is not correct. A temple marriage is just as vulnerable as any other marriage. You can be a "good Mormon" and still not be able to communicate with your spouse. "Ability to relate to your spouse" is not a re-

we have found our "eternal mate" too easily. Being of the same faith, having roughly the same goals in life, and having a desire for companionship are not valid criteria for a marriage. I'm certain that just about everybody would agree with me in theory; nevertheless, I constantly see couples getting engaged after dating for less than a month. Many people can feign perfection for a month—usually unconsciously. It's easy not to have any arguments for a month, easy to be patient for a month, easy to suppress your

political viewpoints for a month. A temple marriage, a house in the suburbs, and all of the kids in the world are not going to prevent at least some of these couples from realizing, a few years down the road, that they don't have the same hobbies, don't play the same sports, don't have the same philosophy for raising children, and hate each others' families.

We are too preoccupied with the "Families are Forever" concept. This is ironic, because we also mostly don't have a concrete idea of what an "eternal family" is (no, not even Carol Lynn Pearson really knows. *Saturday's Warrior* was absurd in that respect). We tell each other so often about being together in the afterlife that we tend to forget that families are also for now. I'm spending more "quality time" with my sisters and parents than I did before the breakup—I've finally realized that it's inane to wait until after you are dead to be with your family.

A divorce shouldn't be necessary to precipitate these observations, but it seems that nobody ever learns anything significant unless a calamity forces it upon them. A divorce hurts—no matter what religion you are in. You could argue that my experience with divorce has made me cynical about marriage, and that now I am overly cautious. Given a choice between the glibness with which marriage is handled here, and my possibly over-cautious attitude, I'll stick with my status quo. I think I am vindicated by the alternative.

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## Eavesdroppings...

*Backstage Cafe, May 6, 11:47 pm.*

Capitalist pig: "So is free enterprise that bad?"

Blond Comrade: "For Mormon's, no Mormon should be a capitalist."

*BYU track, May 4, 1:02 pm.*

Finnish athlete: "Oh, look at that! they listed me as being from Sweden! What a disgrace."

Arizona athlete: "Hey, they listed me as being from Provo."

Finnish athlete: "OK, you win."

*Circle K, Salt Lake, April 30, 5:05 pm.*

Attendant: "You're at BYU, huh? I was in Provo last year and went by BYU just to see it you know?"

Customer: "yeah."

Attendant: "They have really cool trees down there you know?"

Customer: "yeah."

*JSB second floor, April 22 8:04 am.*

Religion Prof: "I know it can be hard in the spring, but we are going to try to be academic this term."

*446 MARB May 4, 10:07 am.*

Late Student: "Excuse me, this is my first time to class. Am I very far behind?"

Studious Student: "We've covered up through chapter eleven."

Late Student: "You're joking, right."

Studious Student: "No, and the first test is on the tenth."

*SWKT, May 3, 10:16 am*

Excited coed: "Oh, it's terrible to get an elevator here during fall and winter, but during the summer it's almost fun to come in here, you know?"

## CAMPUS LIFE

**Endangered** from page 4

and "To find my eternal companion." When I asked the second question, the answers ranged from a shrug of the shoulders to an "Are you crazy? What's wrong with you?" to a demonic laugh, followed by an outburst of tears (he'd been working on a 25-pg. research paper all day).

**ENGINEERING MAJORS WITH A SOCIAL LIFE**

I know I'll probably start an outrage in the Clyde Building, but facts are facts. I feel I can say this with a clear conscience because I know lots of engineering majors; heck, I used to be one. Seriously, how many people personally know an aspiring engineer who doesn't spend every waking hour working on a computer program, math or physics homework, or building a concrete canoe? I want a show of hands—see, not one of you. I know one who claims that he isn't completely socially inept, but I haven't seen any solid proof of it yet. Time will tell—we can only hope that the majority will be able to reach a level of cultural and social acceptability.

**PEOPLE WHO GO TO THE LIBRARY TO STUDY**

I'm the first one to admit that I avoid the library at all costs I'd probably rather get my wisdom teeth pulled without anesthesia than spend any amount of time at the HBLL. However, when I do have to force myself to do a 15-page research paper (Usually due within 48 hours of when I start my research), I like to be able to concentrate on studying. Unfortunately, the numbers of serious students in the library is swindling at a very high

rate of speed. Every floor has a certain atmosphere and a specific group of people that seem to coagulate there. I have it from a number of sources that activities are basically restricted to certain areas, and a part of the Shut Your Trap program, a "You Are Here"-type map will be put up and will include the following information: Mission Reunions—2nd floor, South end; Ward Activities—4th floor, North end; Dates & General Pick-Up Spot—5th floor, Southeast corner. I think that the Eavesdropper could've made his life a lot easier by just setting up his office on the main floor by the stairs at the South entrance. (As a side note, am I the only person who gets screwed up with compass-point directions? To me, north is up, south is down, and east is anything to my right, regardless of where I'm standing.) My solution to this lack of studying done at the library? I drop any class where the term "research paper" is mentioned in the syllabus.

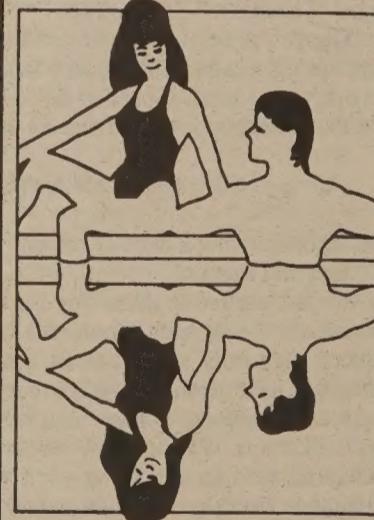
Of course, this is an edited list of endangered species. If you come up with any that have really become a thorn in your side, I'd appreciate it if you let me know. You can look me up in the BYU Services and Directory. (You know, the book they gave away in the Garden Court at the beginning of the year. The book the upperclassmen grabbed 5 each when the sign said "One per apartment," took them over to DT and sold them for \$2 a shot.) Exposure for endangered animals like the panda and the bald eagle may have saved them from extinction; I doubt this will be that beneficial, but maybe I bought these people a little time.

**Top 20**

1. Spring Term's casualness
2. Waking up *sans* alarm clock
3. BYU Baseball
4. Absence of the BYU Crossing Guards
5. Loud ties
6. National Stuttering Week
7. *Stand and Deliver*
8. Softball games
9. Cruising Center
10. François Mitterrand
11. New plastic items
12. Summertime Barbecues
13. Loud music in the morning
14. F-chicks in white bikinis at Kiwanis
15. The Boston Celtics
16. Outdoor pools
17. Campus chasms
18. Robin Marshall's Spring schedule
19. We need Kermit bad!
20. Otter pops

**Bottom 10**

Ron and Nancy's star gazing, burned-blistered-peeling skin, *Beetlejuice*, Blue socks and tennis shoes, Anything orange and red, People named Harry, Aspiring for SR editorial positions, Job hunting, Beginning hairstylists, and mall rats.

**HOT SPOT**

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**For Inquiring Minds****The Rite of Spring**

The Sterility Group will be meeting Thursday at 11:15 am on the checkerboard quad to hold a prayer vigil for fertility. All those interested in sterility and/or fertility and invited to join hands in prayer and song with them. Group spokesman Brian Evenson said, "Anyone is welcome to come, not just those who are sterile. I mean, I don't know if I'm sterile or not, but I might be, and that's what scares me. There's no harm in starting to pray now. If you think you might be sterile, if you think your spouse might be sterile, if you've ever felt sorry for someone who is sterile, please join us in praying for fertility." Asked whether they actually thought prayer an effective remedy for sterility, Evenson said, "I don't see why not: there's biblical precedent for it in the story of Sariah." If prayer fails to bring fertility, the group plans a ritual dance and human sacrifice on Friday evening in the Garden Court. Refreshments will be served.

**Onions in the Eighties**

In an effort to foster increased Utah Valley community relations, Jeff and Pat Holland have publicly announced their desires to be involved in various off-campus, outer-Provo activities and events. The village of Payson has taken advantage of the Hollands' offer by inviting them to be the grand marshals of this year's Onion Days Festival. Their duties will include judging the onion wrestling contest, selecting the

1988 Onion Queen and her attendants, taste-testing at the onion pudding contest, and being the keynote speakers at the Onion Days banquet (this year's topic: "Onions in the Eighties: Solutions to World Hunger").

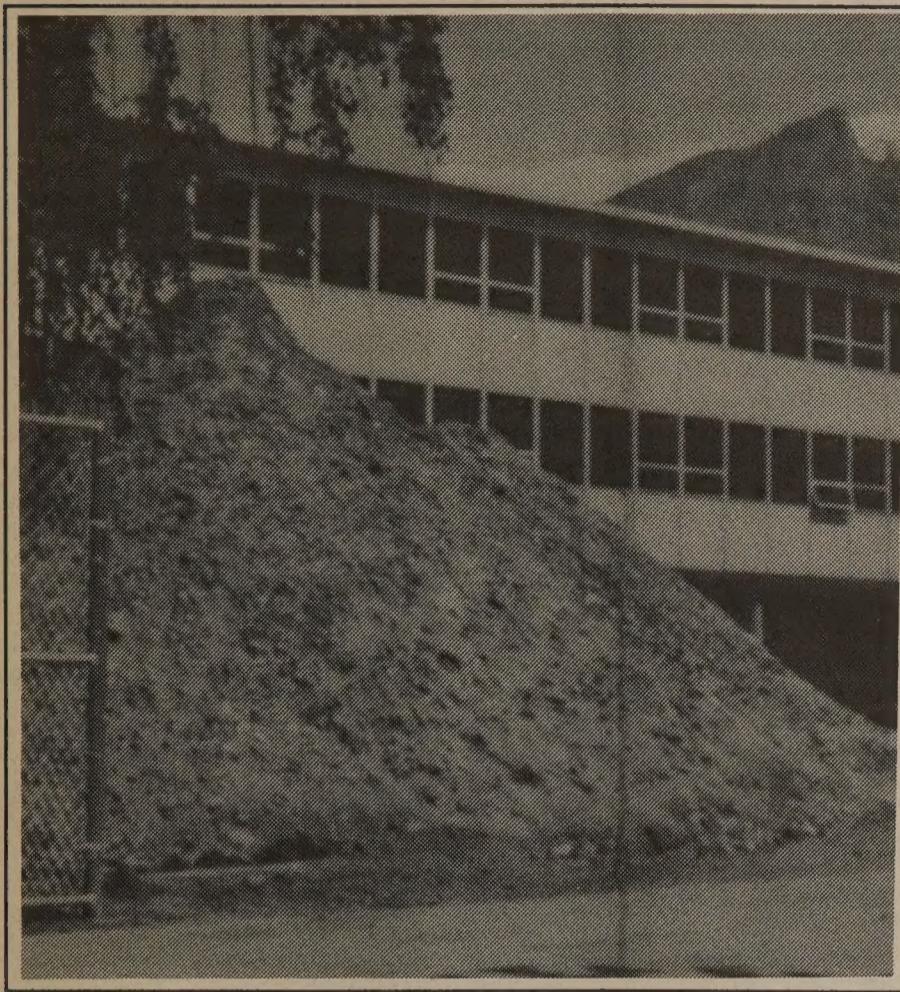
**Take A Bite Out O' Crime**

Due to recent University budget cutbacks, the BYU Traffic Office, in conjunction with University Police, has announced the upcoming implementation of Operation Ratfink (Pilot Program #489). A variant of the popular citizens' arrest concept combined with the ever-popular People's Court idea, Operation Ratfink is the brainchild of Officer Roy Gibbons. Simply stated, the operation replaces existing professional BYU traffic enforcement personnel with student and faculty volunteers. These deputized volunteers will be set apart to write traffic tickets, control pedestrian flow at dangerous campus intersections, impound unregistered bicycles, and arrest hazardous skateboard operators, thus eliminating the need for the costly polyester-clad traffic force currently in control. Interested persons will sign up at the ELWC Info desk for a workshop to learn valuable traffic control skills and techniques. Upon graduation from the workshop, each successful cadet will be issued an Ernest L. Wilkinson beehive-shaped deputy's badge, a 20% discount coupon for Mr. Mac's brown polyester fashion ensemble, and a 10-piece tire-marking chalk kit from Cougar Creations.

Where are you going to find  
summer fun in Provo?

...stumped?

# What Happened Here?



The recent appearance of mysterious chasms and dirt piles on campus such as this one near the Smith Family Living Center prompted Student Review to investigate a few possible explanations for the furious bulldozing machinations.

The BYU Grounds Crew zealots are digging for Hell.

In an effort to quell the state of Idaho's potato fame, the BYU agriculture department is attempting to corner the spud market by building the world's largest potato cellar.

Advanced majors in the department of family, home, and social sciences have joined forces with Utah State's heavy machinery operation majors in making a sandbox large enough to hold all full-time BYU day students.

BYU Food Services, in an attempt to hasten access to temple cafeterias around the world, have begun tunnelling to Asia. Y Sparkle will soon be available in the Tokyo temple.

The Hollands' dog, Sir Isaac Newton, has proclaimed a personal vendetta against the Grounds Crew.

The BYU Physics Department, in an effort to

woo Congress, has offered to shovel the initial 1000 feet needed to begin the Supercollider project in Utah.

Pat Holland has declared the underworld of BYU her personal food storage space.

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# EDITORIAL PAGE

## Opportunities to Learn

by William James Kelly

Two weeks ago my formal education at Brigham Young University officially ended. After several long years of tests and quizzes and term papers and grades, I feel very much like I deserve to leave. But in the few weeks before graduation, my mind has been plagued by some very disconcerting thoughts.

I wonder if I have learned enough. Never again will I be in a position to use so many resources on a full-time basis to examine the thoughts of great men and women who over the course of the past few millennia have created a huge corpus of knowledge and ideas, discoveries and inventions. In my four years at the university I have barely scratched the surface of what there is to learn.

A recent letter to the editor of *Student Review* implied that anyone who calls himself an intellectual is really an atheist who doesn't yet know it. The author of the letter continues, "Intellectuals honor truth above God and they will admit it to your face." However, separating truth and God is as dangerous for the religious fanatic as it is for the secular atheist. In my experience, the more I am able to learn, the closer I feel to understanding the true nature of my God. Truth, which Christ promised will make us free, can be gained in a number of ways, and denying any of these will only deprive us of opportunities to learn. Are we taking advantage of the tremendous learning opportunities offered here?

I wonder if my priorities are properly placed. If they aren't by now, it's going to be very difficult trying to arrange them in a world where the pressure is strong to become financially stable; where bill paying and home improvements and pleasing the boss will replace in my schedule the time I have up until now devoted to intellectual pursuits. Out there in the world, success seems to be measured in salary sizes, bank accounts, Gold Cards, driving machines and exotic vacations.

Yet, how different are we here at the university? Success measured by societal norms is prevalent here too, it's just that the variables are different. The pressure to get good grades far outweighs the pressure to be engaged in stimulating intellectual pursuits.

It's sort of ironic, the Catch-22 we fall into here. We get good grades so we can get into the best grad schools (law, medicine, or business) so we can get the best jobs and start the whole process of climbing all over again, never able to reach a place we can comfortably call the top. Because of the pressure for good grades, students seek out the easiest classes taught by the easiest professors, and then cheat like mad to get through.

Another manifestation of this is the march, like rats following the Pied Piper, to whatever field of study happens to be bringing in the highest starting salaries at the moment. I can't even begin to count the number of students I know who have no real interest in Finance, or Electrical Engineering, or Accounting who study those and other fields simply because the market for those skills exists. This is what some social philosophers have referred to as alienation—man rejecting his true talents and interests in order to become marketable. It is a myth and a waste of 10 years of life for us to say; "I'll just practice law (or business, or medicine, etc.) until I can afford to quit and do what I really want to do."

I believe that men are happiest when they emphasize productivity over consumption. We should avoid trying to get as much money as we can with the least amount of effort, an idea Publisher's Clearing House, among many others, has

successfully sold to the nation. Rather, we should use our talents and abilities to produce. We should expect nothing more than a salary which will allow us to provide for the needs of our families. If we should come into a situation of great material prosperity, let us just hope and pray that we can maintain our integrity and human dignity and understand the responsibility to society that wealth implies, for I know precious few who have or who do. And let us also understand that such wealth is the result of fate and not, as some surely believe, a reward for extra righteousness. Are we ready to become productive members of society, giving up materialism so that we may be happiest?

I wonder if I am prepared to take an active part in my community wherever I end up. I have very mixed feelings about the way BYU has helped me prepare for this very important assignment. It seems very ironic to me that a

university whose sponsoring organization insists that the Constitution is a divinely inspired document would suspend many of the rights guaranteed in that document. One that is on the top of my mind right now (and has been for about two years) is the freedom of the press. Not only is the "official" student publication of the university subject to the censoring whims of administrative officials, but independent publications are not even allowed on campus.

Further, BYU students have neither the guaranteed right to be heard, nor to have action taken based on their voice, regarding issues that affect them. Policies are often handed down from the Board or the Administration as if they were engraved upon a table of stone. I have no doubt that the principles guiding this institution are divinely inspired, but I believe that very often policies are decided based on very different criteria than just those principles.

The basis of this is probably the feeling on the part of some administrators and members of the Board that the university's role is one of *parentis in loco*. What these people apparently fail to realize is that being the parent to 18-24 year-olds requires a very different approach than being the parent of younger children. Some administrators insist on treating students as early teenagers. The sad thing is that many of us have begun to act the part at least partially, I suspect, to these expectations communicated to us. Is this preparing us to become politically active and responsible citizens when we leave the university community?

My four years at BYU have provided me with some of the most rewarding experiences of my life. I have met and become very close to many talented, enthusiastic, and brilliant fellow students. I hope in earnest that these friendships will continue throughout my life. I believe that many of the future leaders in the world and the church will come from the students I have had contact with here.

I have studied at BYU with some of the best minds of our time and I will miss very much the frequent contact I have had with these members of the faculty. Their examples have helped me gain a love for learning and a love for the Gospel. They have shown me how the two are compatible with, and even dependent upon each other.

Yes, the university has its problems, and it probably always will. The university has a responsibility to provide the opportunity for its students to gain a love of learning, a proper set of priorities and a desire to be active in community affairs. But that does not take away the responsibility of the students themselves—it is up to us to be successful in these areas.

Learning is a life-long pursuit. I cannot claim to have learned "enough" here, but thanks to excellent professors, I

please see **Learn** on page 10

## Student Perspective Dollars for Dictators

by William Grigg

May 21 is an important but little known anniversary. On that date in 1935, Adolf Hitler delivered his "peace speech" to the Reichstag, an address in which he proclaimed Germany's devotion to peace and his own desire for arms control. This address did much to keep European powers off balance while Hitler pursued his plans for continental domination.

The ease with which dictators can put democrats on the defensive is an enduring marvel. Hitler's tenacity produced a steady stream of concessions that culminated with Chamberlain's surrender at Munich—the fiftieth anniversary of which, incidentally, will be September 30 of this year. Events that took place half a century ago are overripe with lessons for those who seek to understand the success of Mikhail Gorbachev.

How different is Gorbachev from the Soviet dictators who preceded him? Different enough that we should consider anti-communism an eccentric anachronism? President Reagan has said that Gorbachev is more reasonable than those who came before him because he subscribes to a more faithful version of Lenin's ideas. However, the dominant Leninist objective is global Soviet hegemony. In spite of this intellectual confusion—or perhaps because of it—the administration has moved quickly to remove obstacles to increased trade and credit to the Soviet Union.

In ways too numerous to list here, communism is the moral twin of Nazism. Here's an important parallel. Lenin is famous for his declaration that capitalists would eventually provide the rope that would be used to hang them. This declaration harmonizes nicely with an observation by Hitler's Plenipotentiary for War Economy, H.G. Schacht. Days before Hitler's "peace speech", Schacht exulted, "our armaments are partially financed with the credits of our political enemies." Had the Western subsidy of the Nazi regime been half as extensive as our subsidy of the Soviet Union, the thousand-year Reich would be celebrating its fifty-fifth anniversary.

In a recent guest column in the *Wall Street Journal*,



former NSC aide Roger Robinson asked, "Hasn't it struck most Western policy makers as odd that the Soviet Union, with a total hard currency income of about \$32 billion, can sustain a global empire?" The amount mentioned by Robinson is less than one half of the yearly income of General Motors. It would be woefully insufficient to finance Soviet arms production and expansion—without Western help.

A recent National Review cover story by Cort Kirkwood, "Inside the Red Trade Lobby," provides these amazing statistics. The Soviets avail themselves of Western credit to the amount of \$700 million a month. Between 1984 and 1986, Soviet indebtedness to the West rose from \$21.8 billion to \$35.8 billion. Furthermore, a substantial portion of

please see **Dollars** on page 10

# American Dream Defined

by Jeff Gammon

Off America's east coast stands Lady Liberty, over 200 years old but still beckoning to the huddled masses with promises of success and streets paved with gold. On her west coast is stretched the Golden State, with mass-produced dreams of stardom, romance, and unending sunshine. And between her coasts are told the stories of those who have set out to make real the visions the name America inspires. These tales range from glorious and sad to heroic and unfortunate.

There are numerous accounts of people who rise above destitute beginnings and become prosperous and socially elite. Heroes are born and legends are written. However, while these champions proudly—and sometimes rightfully—lounge on their sublime pedestals, they normally fail to look down around them at those who weren't so successful at achieving the same American dream. While many of this country's celebrities and money moguls work to establish a facade of charity, it is the duty of every affluent and nearly-affluent citizen who benefits from the society that allowed their dreams to be realized to return to the less fortunate members of that same society a great amount of the rewards of their success.

Even though more severe cases of poverty can be found beyond America's borders in countries such as Haiti and Ethiopia—where famine, disease, starvation, and heartbreak are commonplace—there still

exists here a portion of the population that is amazingly poverty-stricken. The problem may be more widespread in foreign nations, but if the country's poor are compared to the number of phenomenally rich, America would surely be revealed as the loser, the "civilization" with the greatest potential to solve its own destitution but without sufficient humanity to do it.

The news media in this country are sometimes a showcase of contradictions. A lead story might detail the rising number of homeless families in America or it could illustrate the despair and literally dirt-poor lifestyles of those who live in the ghettos of Yourtown, U.S.A. On the same page, a story might loudly declare the record-breaking commercial contract signed by a famous musician and a national soft drink company; the singer receiving \$15 million to appear in two TV advertisements. Or maybe the media could admiringly announce how the nation's highest paid entertainer—purportedly earning as much as \$40-50 million per year—dished out a "measly" \$4,000 for a coveted ashtray.

Even though a great number of wealthy Americans have struggled and sweated to reach the prosperity they enjoy, it should be recognized as a duty and a pleasure for the rich to help the poor and needy by imparting of substance to them. No one is worth \$15 million for a commercial unless that person has the backbone and compassion to share a large sum of that award with his fellow citizens who can't

afford to feed and clothe their children. Instead of spending several thousand dollars for an ashtray, a person would most likely gain more satisfaction if he could personally see how that money could bolster the budget of a failing soup kitchen or how it could provide a scholarship for a student who would otherwise forego a college education and most likely become a burden to society.

The entire task of helping solve—by immediate and long-term means—the problem of America's poor doesn't need to rest entirely on the wealthy. Middle-class America should also realize the part, small though it may seem, it can play in resolving this crisis. Still, the "upper crust" has stood back for too long and let the middle-income citizens rally around this cause and petition them for support and contributions. The wealthy are lauded on the evening news for their participation in fundraisers and charity events; they are highlighted when they exhibit personal interest in, and make token contributions to causes which they deem worthy. It is time for the opulent to take an active, determined role without having to do so merely to establish a giving appearance.

Brotherhood, equality, and sacrifice, traits considered necessary and noble by the forefathers who envisioned our Manifest Destiny, are usually inherent and more demonstrated among the masses. Greed, extravagance, and ignorance are characteristics usually assigned to the wealthy. If America's affluent citizens want to avoid selfish stereotypes and are as truly concerned about poverty as they like to indicate, they will need to work harder to "pull their

weight" and possess the qualities their bereft neighbors need them to demonstrate. Instead of paying \$40,000 for an expensive European import, wouldn't a car half that price still be more than sufficient? The savings could benefit an organization with a mission to provide hot meals for the elderly poor. A million-dollar home, complete with gold-plated bathroom fixtures and a valuable art collection, is an obvious good investment. But wouldn't an investment in a less expensive home be bolstered by the pleasure that could be brought to several homeless families if the savings experienced because of this less-opulent venture helped set them up in apartments and showed them a way to provide for themselves? The areas for improvement and involvement seem endless.

It is not necessary or realistic for the rich to be expected to single-handedly solve the problem of America's poor and homeless. And it's unfair to say that every wealthy citizen is greedy, numb, and uncharitable. Yet, if the affluent members of society will take a more active, personal role by comparing their needs and situations to those of their poor neighbors and then working to lessen the severity of the problem, an immense amount of good will be accomplished. Not only will the promises and dreams found between America's two coasts be more realistic and golden, but relations between rich and poor will be more fulfilling and genuine.

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**dollars from page 8**

the loans given to the Eastern Bloc are "untied"—that is, made without restrictions as to their use. Kirkwood reports that in 1985 a banking syndicate led by Citibank issued a \$200 million loan to East Germany. Within days \$20 million was sent to the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua.

The notion that the Soviets can be tamed through trade is an idea with a thousand lives. During the last BYU Peace Symposium, Professor Eugene England recycled the concept, declaring that the U.S.-Soviet conflict could be ameliorated by the implementation of a "Marshall Plan" to benefit the Soviets. England's idea is neither unique nor useful. French Political Scientist Alain Bensancon has observed that during the mid 1970's the Soviets received over \$100 billion in credit from the West—an amount roughly the equivalent of the Marshall Plan. Following this infusion of credit, the Soviets went on to consume a number of countries, from Angola to Nicaragua. What's to keep the Soviets from doing the same thing with the capital they're acquiring now? Who knows? Who cares?

Here's the response of a First Chicago Bank official when asked that question after granting the Soviets a \$200 million dollar loan in 1985: "The loans could be used for the military, but we hope not. I mean, they do so much of that kind of thing anyway, it doesn't really matter." But it does matter—or at least it should.

The previously mentioned H.G. Schacht is credited with discovering the fact that the more you owe a country, the more business you do with it. A tsunami of trade is washing all kinds of products ashore in the Soviet Union—from Big Macs to personal computers. Spokesmen for corporations that stand to gain from increased trade insist that the public good will be served. It is far more likely that the Soviets will simply accept our money and then (in the phrase of General Franco) startle the world with their ingratitude. They've done it before.

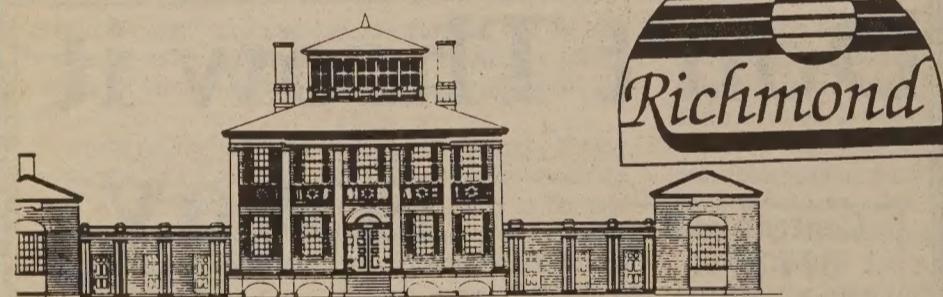
**Learn from page 8**

have gained tools I can use to assist me in my endless search for truth and knowledge.

Materialism, despite the pressure from the world, can be avoided. This is a difficult task, but we cannot afford to base our success in the world on anything but being true to our own talents and abilities, and by being productive citizens of society, rather than merely consumers.

Community activity is a must, here and after graduation. Only as we serve our community, whether it be Mormon or not, whether it be our school, town, state, country or world, will we be able to fully realize Christ's commandment to love our neighbor.

Prepared or not, these issues are important for me, and for all of us, here at the university as well as for the rest of our lives. I only hope that after I leave the university, I will always be able to remember and fulfill these important responsibilities.

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**Letter to the Editor**

Dear Editor,

Last summer, I came in contact with two members of the *Student Review* staff, Bill Kelly and Mike Bothwell, and I was excited to start working for the *Review*. I felt lucky to have gotten involved with this independent student-run magazine. After about six months, my schedule got real heavy, so I left during Winter semester. I think the *Review* has some real problems to address (such as acting like a pseudo-social club, and being guilty of journalistic self-gratification and self-aggrandizement), but overall, the *Review* is a viable and positive force in the BYU community. Like any institution which begins as a sect or underdog (such as BYU and even the Church), problems arise with expansion, but such irritations do not necessarily invalidate the nobility of the cause. Considering all that it's been through, the *Review* is still a fine paper.

Opposition inevitably confronts a good cause, especially when it threatens existing institutions. America was founded on the spirit of healthy competition, and anti-monopoly. One would expect so-called Christians to endorse such principles of fair play. However, several recent incidents between *The Universe* (BYU's official newspaper) and *Student Review* have caused me to be concerned.

Last summer, Bill and Mike were having lunch at a local eating establishment, Somewhere Else, a regular advertiser with the *Review*, when they overheard a *Universe* advertising rep (in his power-yellow tie and Franklin planner) trying to demean the quality and integrity of the *Review* by using false and misleading information in efforts to take the account. I have no objections to competition, as long as it's ethical. Unfortunately, this was not an isolated case. Other *Review* advertisers have also reported similar scenarios. More recently, *The Universe* sent out a letter (of which I have a copy) to a number of on-campus and off-campus advertisers, which gave blatantly errant comparative-advertising rates, and misleading information requesting *Student Review* advertisers to discontinue their accounts.

Like advertising accounts, comic strips are also up for grabs to all newspapers. *The Universe* had the "Peanuts" strips for years. When *Student Review* came along, comics

such as "Bloom County" and "Doonesbury" attracted many readers. When *The Universe* also decided to add the successful "Bloom County" strip, the *Review* dropped it and added "The Far Side" instead. This happened over a year ago. However, this last semester, *The Universe* also picked up "The Far Side" as a move to undercut the *Review*. True, such an action was legitimate, but there are many legal ways to snuff out the little guy—such are the unethical practices of corporate monopolies.

In an effort to squeeze out the *Review*, someone from BYU recently contacted the Universal Press Syndicate, the distribution agent for each of these cartoons, about a mistake the *Review* had made—that of inadvertently using some comics ahead of the scheduled press-release date. They then encouraged the Universal Press to terminate their contract with the *Review*.

The last straw for me, thus inspiring this letter, is when *The Universe* tried to cancel an advertisement the *Review* paid *The Universe* to run in their own paper. The ad was a parody of *The Universe*'s latest flier attached to all their distribution boxes, that of getting back on track with BYU's "official" newspaper. Because they did not like the ad, they used all sorts of bureaucratic nonsense to cancel the ad. They accused the *Review* of being unethical for using a campus account to get a discount on the ad, after suggesting this idea in the first place. After a lot of hot breath (my own), the ad did finally run.

*The Universe* is a decent paper, but I fail to see why they have to resort to backstabbing the *Review*. Such behavior is not congruous for a journalistic lab that belongs to a university supported by the LDS Church. I have had my conflicts with the *Review*, but I can't just sit by and watch them get abused. The name "The Universe" implies an active search for all truth in God's creations, reflective of Brigham Young's attitude towards education. Trying to snuff out the *Review* is typical of the narrow-minded insecurity that arises from a sense of false-security. I hope *The Universe* will reexamine its journalistic politics.

—Tim Liu

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# THE CALENDAR

## Lecture

### Planetarium Lecture

Dr. Clark G. Christensen on "The Springtime Sky" Thursday, May 12, 7:30 & 8:30 p.m.

### Open Observatory Night

All month, 491 ESC, dark until 10:30 p.m. admission \$1.00

### Executive Lecture

Grant Goodson on "Time: Church—Home—Office—Community"

Thursday, May 12, 710 TNRB, 2:00 & 4:00

### Hinkley Institute of Politics

JoAnne Miiner on "Making Waves—Involvement in Politics"

Thursday, May 12, Hinkley Caucus Room, 255 OSH, U of U, 12:00 noon.

## Theatre

### Margetts Arena Theatre

"Spoon River Anthology"

May 12-14, 17-21, 24-28, 7:30 p.m.

matinee May 23, 4:00 p.m.

tickets: 378-7447

### Pardoe Drama Theatre

"The Rainmaker"

May 26-June 11, 7:30 p.m.

tickets: 378-7447

### Hale Center Theater

2801 S. Main Street, SLC

"Hopsville Holiday" (comedy)

Through June 13, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 484-9257

### Backstage Dinner Theatre

Backstage Cafe, ProvoTown Square

Neil Simon's "Odd Couple"

Friday & Saturday, May 13 & 14

dinner: 6:00 p.m., show: 7:30 p.m.

"J. Golden"

Friday & Saturday, May 20 & 21, 27 & 28

dinner: 6:00 p.m., show: 7:30 p.m.

Reservations Required: 373-2233

### Backstage Comedy

Comedy Night with John Pack

Thursday, May 12, 9:30 p.m.

info: 373-2233

### New Shakespeare Players

Courage Theatre, Westminster College

"A...My Name is Alice" (musical)

May 19-June 26, 8:00 p.m.

student tickets: \$5.00, 485-0238 or

583-6520

### Pioneer Theatre

300 S. University, SLC

"Singin' in the Rain" (musical)

through May 14, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 581-6961

### Salt Lake City Repertory Theatre

Utah Theatre, 148 S. Main Street

"South Pacific"

Friday, Saturday, & Sunday, May 6-21, 7:30

p.m., with matinee Sat., May 21, 2:00 p.m.

"Follies"

Friday, Saturday, & Sunday, June 10-25,

7:30 p.m., matinee Sat. June 25, 2:00 p.m.

tickets: 532-6000

### Salt Lake Acting Company

"Livin' Dolls"

Wed.-Sun., May 11-June 5, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 363-0525

### Babcock Theatre

3rd and University, SLC

"The Suicide"

May 12-15, 19-21, call for times

info: 581-6961

## UVCC

"Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat"

May 19-23, UVCC Ballroom, 8:00 p.m.

info: 226-5000

## Music

### Utah Symphony

Symphony Hall, Salt Lake City

Bernstein, Tchaikovsky, Porter, Berlin, Sousa; Joseph Silverstein, conducting Friday, May 13, 8:30 p.m.

### Tchaikovsky Spectacular

Joseph Silverstein, Violin Soloist & Conductor for Piano Concerto; Misha Dichter, Piano Soloist & Conductor for Violin Concerto, Sunday, May 15, 4:00 p.m. student tickets: \$3.00, 533-6407

### Temple Square Concert Series

Assembly Hall, Temple Square, SLC

BYU Young Chamber Players; David Dalton, director, Friday, May 13, 7:30 p.m.

Cedar City High School Choir; James Dunaway, director

Saturday, May 14, 7:30 p.m.

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir and the Utah Symphony Orchestra performing Music from the Hill Cumorah Pageant Friday, May 21, in the Tabernacle, 7:30

### Salt Lake Symphony: An Evening in Vienna

David Dalton, director

Friday & Saturday, May 20 & 21, 7:30 p.m.

Utah State University Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Maestro Savin, director Friday, May 27, 7:30 p.m.

Olympus High School Symphonic Band; Reed Thomas, director

Saturday, May 28, 7:30 p.m.

All concerts are free.

info: 531-3318

### Backstage Cafe

One Drop (reggae)

Friday & Saturday, May 13 & 14, 10:00 p.m.

Greg Scott (folk)

Friday & Saturday, May 20 & 21, 10:00 p.m.

info: 373-2233

### Provo Tabernacle

Mozart's "Requiem" and Vivaldi's "Gloria" Performed by the Utah Valley Choral Society and Orchestra

Wednesday, May 18, 8:00 p.m.

info: 375-5691

### George Winston

Solo Piano Evening

Tuesday, May 24, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 363-7681

### Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition

Workshops and Masterclasses at Promised Valley Playhouse, June 1-11 Competition at Symphony Hall, June 14-17 & 20-25; Final Round, June 24 & 25 with the Utah Symphony

Ticket prices range from \$3.00 for preliminary rounds to \$50.00 for the whole competition. Call the Symphony Hall Box office at 533-6407 for further information.

## Art

### The Art Gallery

F-303 HFAC

MFA Graduate Candidates Show through May 17

Trudy Parkinson Collage "Open Windows: Echoes and Shadows," May 19-30

### B.F. Larson Gallery

Annual Art Department Student Show through May 17, HFAC, 7:00 a.m.-10:00 p.m.

### Maeser Gallery

Museum and Conservation Photography by David W. Hawkinson

through May 31, Karl G. Maeser Building, lower level

### Design Department

Best of the Semester an exhibit of student furniture design all month, Brimhall Building second floor

### Museum of Peoples and Cultures

Exhibits on Near East, Central America, American Southwest, and Historic Mormon Archaeologic Sites

all month, 8:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.

info: 378-6112

### Springville Museum of Art

52 W. 200 S., Springville

64th National Spring Salon

through May 15

info: 489-9434

### Loge Gallery

Pioneer Memorial Theatre, U of U

Watercolors by LaRue Brewster through May 14, 10:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.

info: 581-7118

### Museum of Church History & Art

45 N. West Temple, SLC

Book of Mormon Art, through Sept. 11 info: 531-3310

### Utah Museum of Fine Arts

University of Utah

American Art, through July 12

info: 581-8677

### Kimball Art Center

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all month info: 649-8882

### Meyer Gallery

305 Main Street, Park City

Southwestern and Utah Art, all month

## Film

### Varsity

Morgan Stewart's Coming Home

May 13-19, 7:30 p.m. & May 13, 10:30 p.m.

Leonard Part 6

May 20-26, 7:30 p.m.

Batteries Not Included

May 27-June 2, 7:30 p.m.

My Fair Lady

June 3-9, 7:30 p.m.

### Blue Mouse

260 E. 100 S. SLC

Oriane

May 11-17, 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.

Hair

May 18-22, 5:15, 7:15 & 9:15 p.m.

Harold & Maude

May 23-24, 5:15, 7:00, 8:45 p.m.

info: 364-3471

## Sports

### BYU

Baseball, BYU vs Utah

Wednesday, May 11, 3:00 p.m.

Baseball, BYU vs. Utah

Friday, May 13, 3:00 p.m.

Men's and Women's Track, BYU Qualifying Meet, May 19-21, 23-25, all day

## Party

### Living Traditions Festival

A Celebration of Salt Lake's Folk & Ethnic Arts, sponsored by the Utah Arts Council

Traditional Ethnic Music, Dancing, Food & Crafts, Pioneer Trail State Park

Friday, May 20, 5:00 p.m. through

# ARTS & LEISURE

## Nuckles and She Short Fiction by Brian Kubarycz



SR art by Susan Gaurie

Sometimes walking your dog is the only thing that will get you through the night. I know. I used to take Nuckles down to the railyard. He'd tell me about girls. Nuckles called them legs. We did this steady till he met Forenza.

Sirens would wail on the waterfront. People were bleeding out there and we didn't care. Some nights the sirens grew closer. They seemed to be heading our way. But they never arrived. There was more blood downtown. Shop windows to dust for finger prints, dead bodies to stumble upon. Some nights I pray to God that I'll end up a dead body and that they'll find me, just before I really die. They'll come across me in some abandoned parking lot, my skin the color of underarm stains. And they'll breath life into me. Some one will lift me in my mother's arms and carry me off to a place of healing. It will all be very close. There will be times when they'll think they will lose me. But I'll grow pinky and pudgy—I'll be a baby in blankets. I really want this. But I don't want to cause Nuckles pain.

Nuckles and I would talk long past midnight. Some nights it's a bit one sided. I'll say, "Hey Nuckles. Seen any good TV lately." He'd just wag his tale.

I live to see the day dogs on TV will be able to talk like Nuckles. Sure, there are plenty of dogs in the world, and some of them could even sell you ten acres in the Catskills. Dogs like that can read your mind. But I ain't never met a dog aside from old Nucklehead that could carry on a conversation worth a damn. They're always bad mouthing the government or they're wanting to make love. That's great if they're talking to a poodle.

Problem is that they're dogs and that I'm me. They talk fine all right, just not like me.

There's a barber I like to talk to on Columbo Street. He calls himself Vinnie asks that we do the same, we being everyone that walks through his door. He doesn't really care if we get our haircut or not, just so long as we all call him Vinnie. Vinnie snips at my ears and tells me not to worry. I have no scars. My whole life has been as soft as a baby's behind. Mom says it's been cushy. I say it's been full of crap.

On a night where things really get hummin' Nuckles and I will get to talking till the Zenith plays gray. It's really crazy the places that dog has been. Once Nuckles told me about the time that he went to California. "A dog belongs near the ocean," he said, "It gives him perspective." He'd won a vacation on the game show where everyone has to guess the price of a refrigerator and the person who guesses second to closest wins. Nuckles was a natural. He has a gift for subtlety. One night I said to him, "Nuckles, you have a gift for subtlety."

He said, "Pass the chips."

I said, "Honest, I can talk to you about nothing and I love you for it. I swear to you you are my best friend."

Nuckles didn't say anything and he didn't even touch his chips. My mouth went dry. I always say things too direct. Especially with people I love. We watched a little tube in the darkness and then Nuckles got up and nipped me on the leg.

"Let's do some fishing tomorrow, Jack," he said. He knows how much I like the water, wading in big boots. I take him whenever I can.

"Shall I make the lunches?" I said.

"Roast beef," he says and walks over to his bed.

I remember when Nuckles came home from the studio and told me he'd won that vacation to Hollywood. They were sending him to Universal Studios and everything. I hadn't even noticed he'd been gone all morning, or maybe I just figured that he'd gone out to the lake where he likes to go with the paper.

"I know you're hiding something from me," I said, "Come on. Let it out."

It was the first time I'd ever really seen Nuckles embarrassed. I'd always thought of him as stronger than me, at least socially. He was that kind of a dog.

Nuckles shrugged and told me he'd be leaving for California in a month or so, that he wished that I could go too. He even suggested finding out if I could take the trip instead of him. There was no way of us affording the two of us taking a trip and Nuckles said that I needed the trip more than he did. I said nothing doing but I knew that he was right.

One thing's for sure. I've always worked a lot harder than Nuckles. I work the injection molder down at the plant from sun up till the second bell. Nuckles stays home to watch the house. He can't do too much cleaning, him being a dog. What he can do I usually end up redoing anyway. De-ringing the tub. And if there's one thing that Nuckles can do to a window it's streak. When I redo his work I redo it when he's asleep. It wouldn't be right for him to think he's good for nothing, especially when he's good for talk.

Nuckles has Forenza now. Some long-haired from down the block. At first I got king of jealous because he said he liked her for her talk. She was cute as far as dogs go but she wasn't my type. "I had to grow into her myself," Nuckles said to me one night. Nuckles said he loved her for her knowledge of the mind. "It's scary, I tell you," he said to me. "I've known her for only three weeks now and she knows me better than I know myself. I'm lacking education." When I met her he asked me to tell him exactly what I thought.

That evening was a bad one, the one we met. I guess she was a bit jealous too. Nuckles had spoken well of me. Silly that we would be jealous of one another, me being me and she being she.

"There's a whole world of painting out there most people don't pay attention to." Nuckles told me she was talking about Peru.

"There," she said, "the greatest painters are women."

I said, "What do they paint?"

She said, "They paint the truth. There is nothing they will cover up." "I admire their honesty," she said.

I kept asking her if I could refill her dish. I guess I must have looked silly. I don't see myself as a host.

They used to go off together nights and do whatever it is that dogs do. There's only so much that me and Nuckles can share. It's funny to see Nuckles mornings though. I head out to Dupont and he's fast asleep. He doesn't see me to the door. I hate to think of him with Forenza. You know, I grew up in the streets.

I come home in time to throw a Swanson's in the microwave and stir water into the Gravy Train. Nuckles is starting to eat out. I don't know what they have over at Forenza's, but suddenly Nuckles won't eat—only sniffs his chow. He says it's not cuisine. I remember when it used to be puppy food. Now he wants to let go.

## Fun with Houseflies

by Glen Spencer

It was hell. For months our apartment was plagued by houseflies seeking refuge from the cold. We considered buying a Shell no pest strip or something similar, but the problem was never really bothersome enough to justify shelling out four dollars and some change.

One night a few weeks ago, I observed something quite unusual, something that I had, in fact, never before seen or imagined. Houseflies by the droves were landing on my window, which was as I measured, 28 degrees fly would land against the window, freeze, and fall into a deep sleep. Within a few minutes, the fly would tumble onto the floor below, in a motionless, catatonic state. Now, with the cause of countless, sleepless nights delivered to your fingertips, what would you do? Right, I seized the opportunity and proceeded to experiment. I became a Mormon Mengele.

I first attempted to place a few flies in a canning jar, which I judged to be reasonably air tight. Then I took another group of flies and some thread and tied small nooses about a foot long each around each of 4 flies. The nooses I taped to surfaces all over the room. One was near the ceiling; the other was on a desk; one was on the floor; and the other I taped to the kitchen counter. The idea was to see what behaviors might result from captivity at different altitudes.

Certainly, it was humorous that evening to watch flies struggle to fly further than their thread noose would allow, but I was curious to see who might die first, and I was willing to wait. Another sleepless night? It would be

*I first attempted to place a few flies in a canning jar, which I judged to be reasonably airtight.*

my pleasure. They bounced and buzzed, but to no avail. The sweet taste of revenge put me to sleep.

All the flies were still alive by the next morning, and they seemed a tad restless. In a moment of compassion, I thought to myself, "If I were a fly, I'd be hungry." You see, by this point I was rather taking a liking to the flies. But, a pile of feces was definitely out of the question. Ahh, but peanut butter, chunky Skippy peanut butter, that was the ticket. Each fly, then, received a generous 190 calorie teaspoon of Skippy. "I'll fatten them up," I thought. Then, I left for school.

When I got home that evening, I was crushed. All the flies had died. The experiment was over in a jiffy, as soon as it began. I have no ideas who died first. I prodded and prodded them with the end of a number two pencil. No more buzzing. All I had left was a mess of dead flies to clean up. With tears welling up, I gathered them together and flushed them down the toilet one by one. I'll never know what it was that finally did them in—Was it the peanut butter? Or the cruel treatment of the night before? Their death remains a mystery to this day. Anyway, I haven't seen a fly in the apartment since.

# Get Naked — review of the Talking Heads album

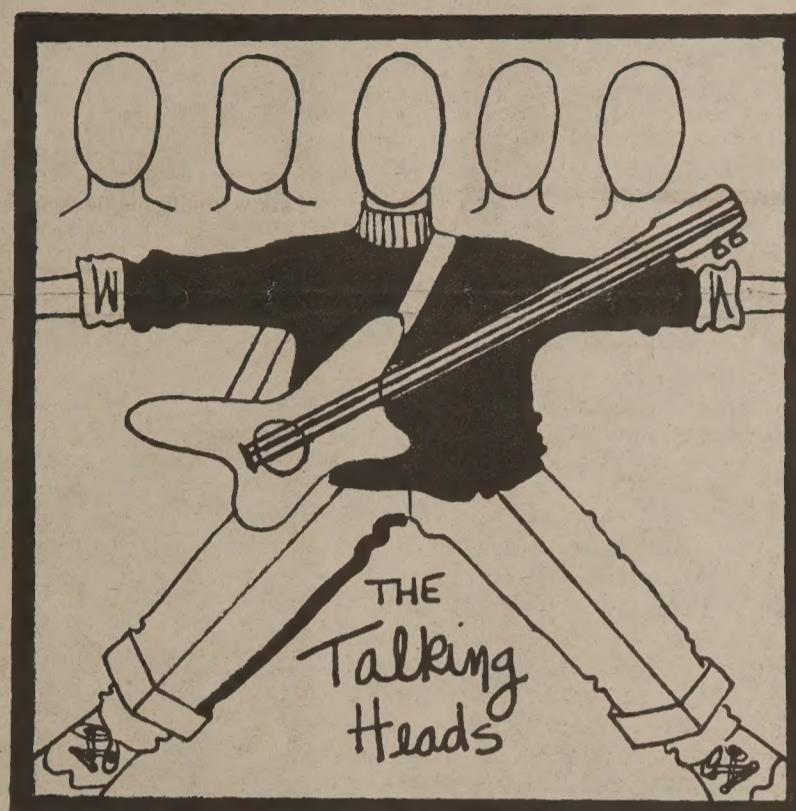
by J. Daneb

One thing I've learned about Talking Heads' albums is it usually takes a couple of listenings for one to click, and then it's my favorite thing. "Naked" took six. David starts right in on how bad life is, and how stupid we naked apes are, and he doesn't let up. This bothered me at first. What with "True Stories," and all the accompanying interviews, I thought we were seeing a new David Byrne who was through telling us what was wrong with everything: a man reconciled to mortality, and ready to laugh with the rest of us at the big cosmic joke. Not so.

While the music may fool you into a sense of well-being with its catchy rhythms and happy horns, if you stop and think about words like "Smelly things, pubic hair/ Words of love in the air," you'll realize that David is still telling it like it is.

Once again we're into an extended Talking Heads sound. The talents of numerous non-Heads are brought to bear on this work including Steve Lillywhite helping out on production. And the result, though perhaps a little difficult at first because of its unfamiliarity, is a masterful mélange of musical motifs. There are sounds here reminiscent of the Big Band era, the rhythmic jungles of Santana, and even the electronic alienation of Devo. The casual listener may not be impressed, but the art of this record is that of the subtle shift.

Each of these songs is an abstract emotional collage that sometimes ends up miles from where it began. "The Democratic Circus" starts off relaxed, pleasant, almost pretty. Commonplace circus items take on new connotations building to the line "When the Ringmaster calls our names/



SR art by Christine Kogel

We'll be the first ones to go...to sleep." The music drops a step; you feel an irrational pathos, and suddenly he's screaming at you, ripping apart your nice dreams of justice and freedom. This theme is a pickup from songs like "Puzzlin' Evi-

dence," and "People Like Us" which asks "What good is freedom?" and then goes on to say that "God laughs at people like us," i.e., humans under the illusion that they are "free." It would seem David has some misgivings about the fruits of democracy.

Then there is "The Facts of Life," which starts out with Jerry Harrison whipping a Prophet Scream over a plodding beat, featuring the only noticeable snare drum on the whole record. The beat and the alien point of view in the lyrics are the only constants; everything else shifts. Unless you listen for it, you won't notice when the Prophet stops screaming and the slide guitar takes its place. The resulting emotional shift, however, is very effective, and Brice Wassy plays a mean set of spoons... Anyway, it would seem David also has some misgivings about the fruits of biology, as he laments the omnipresent tendency of man to surrender rational thought to hormonal urges.

"(Nothing But) Flowers" is the catchiest number on the record, and has been receiving a good amount of airplay locally. And "Mr. Jones," a tribute to normal guys with "Tight pants and curly hair/ Drinkin' beer from metal cans" will have you merrily singing along in no time as if you knew what it meant, which seems to be a trend. That is: catchy tunes with inscrutably subjective lyrics. (Does anyone really know Mandinka?)

"Big Daddy" is a smart, slick showcase for David's truly amazing vocal abilities. He's always on key, and yet there's

please see Talking Heads page 15

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## Book Review

## Faithful Essays

"To Be Learned Is Good If...," Edited by Robert L. Millet; Bookcraft, 1987, 242 pp., \$11.95.

"Brian, I just bought a book I want you to read," my mother's voice sounded over the phone.

"Great," I said. "Send it up. What's the title?"

"It's 'To Be Learned Is Good If...'"

I quickly changed the subject.

"Oh, no," I thought, as I later hung up the phone.

This didn't sound like the kind of book I would buy for myself—not even at the 20% off sale. In fact, I sensed an attack lurking somewhere in the title—an attack on me, or something I stood for (or was supposed to stand for, anyway).

I got the book and must confess that I began reading it out of filial duty. But after the first few essays, I continued reading because I wanted to.

Robert Millet, a BYU religion professor, recently compiled and edited the collection of essays, 13 in all. Most were written by BYU religion professors and deal with the skepticisms and intellectualisms in our LDS society: the character of Joseph Smith and his family, the different versions of the First Vision, revisionist histories, magic in the early Church, and more.

Though the book as a whole was worthwhile, I didn't thrive on every essay. A few bordered the mundane, while others explicated issues I'm not interested in (perhaps they were just over my head). In an attempt to reach a wider audience, Millet has allowed some unevenness from essay to essay.

Regardless, this is a book I can respect. It's not just regurgitated seminary answers to gospel issues. The authors are honest—frankly admitting facts like Joseph Smith's plural marriages—and they are scholarly—carefully documenting and qualifying when necessary.

But most of all, the authors are faithful. Setting the tone for the book in the first essay, Robert Millet writes: "The crying need in our day is for academically competent Latter-day Saint thinkers to make judgments by the proper standards—the Lord's standards."

Here's a taste of an issue and an approach. In one essay, Stephen Ricks and Daniel Peterson discuss the historical use of the word *magic*, most certainly in response to the recent uproar over Joseph Smith and magic. One major thrust of their argument asserts that *magic* is a pejorative term used to describe the supernatural abilities of outsiders. The authors posit, "Activities are 'magical' because they are perceived as objectionable, not objectionable because 'magical.'" Ricks and Peterson conclude that "in the light of the longstanding negative connotations with which the term *magic* is (perhaps inextricably) fraught, and given the potential for continued misunderstanding... a less value-laden term (e.g. 'popular religion' or 'folk religion') ought to be employed instead."

The essay on Mormonism and popular psychology by Daniel Judd was probably the most interesting to me. Judd, a trained psychologist, debunks the notion that Mormonism promotes mental illness (Whew!). He writes: "Evidence supports the conviction that living the teachings of Mormonism actually helps one to live a happier life. Mormons as a whole are reported to have happy marriages, affectionate families, and low incidence of mental illness. Not one study has linked Mormonism and mental illness."

Judd goes on to address concepts in popular psychology like PMA and self-actualization, downplaying their efficacy. After discussing these often too-trendy ideas, he concludes, "The peace and happiness mankind is seeking can only be found in living the gospel of Jesus Christ."

The major oddity of the book is a 25-page chart, an appendix to the essay by Monte Nyman and Charles Tate. The chart, no doubt, is a useful reference tool, showing how almost every verse of the Bible is supported by modern scriptures, but it does seem out of place sandwiched between all those words.

If you're looking for sheer advice in dealing with Mormon intellectualism, Louis Midgley gives the most quotable. He says that some "give up on the gospel before they have had a chance to become sufficiently critical of the endless flux of fashions in scholarship—and before they have honestly called upon God to help them address the question of what is true."

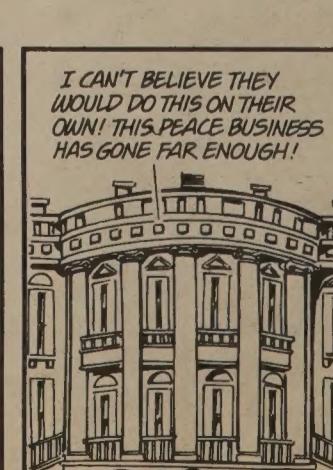
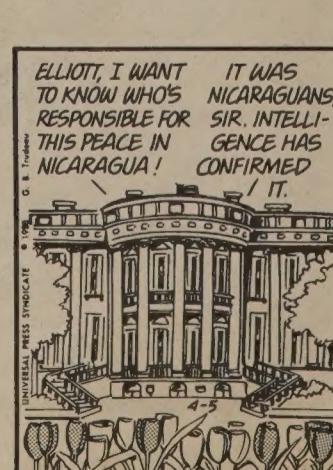
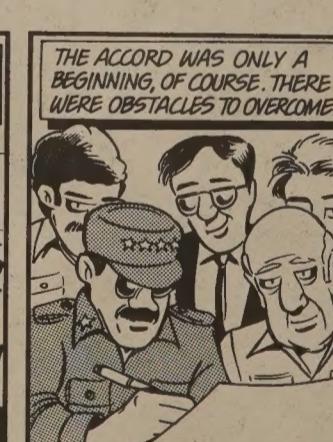
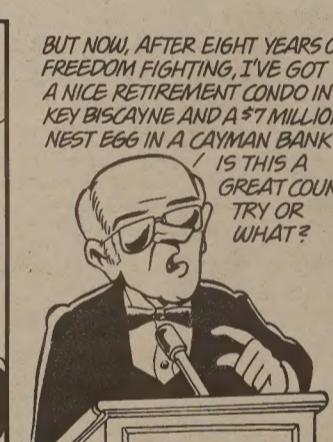
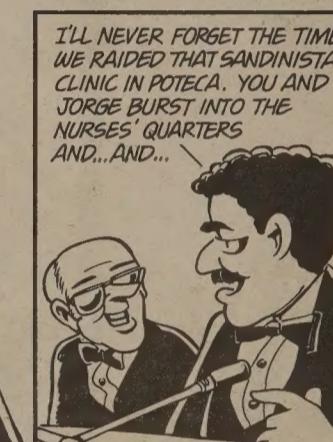
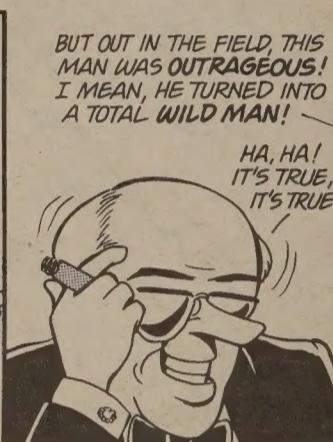
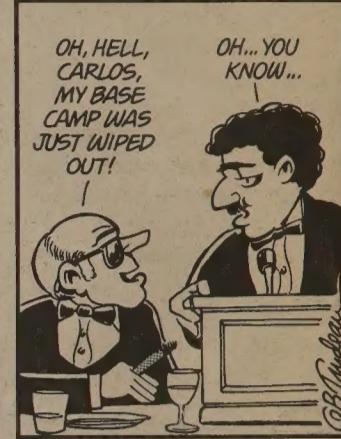
I doubt the arguments in Millet's book would ever convert the apostates or the atheists. You'll get out of it what you want: Reading with faith, you'll find understanding and insight. Reading with cynicism, you'll find plenty to criticize.

But if you're like me—a thinking but faithful Latter-day Saint who dabbles in *Sunstone* and *Dialogue*, yet still flips through the *Ensign*—you'll benefit from most of Millet's book. If you can't buy it in the Bookstore, at least look it over in the library, which has two copies: one you can check out on the fourth floor (call # BX 8600.T55), and one in Special Collections (room 4040, same call #).

—BJ Fogg

## ARTS AND LEISURE

## Doonesbury



# Review's Reviews: Colors

by David Veloz

No recent film has received as much media attention and popular criticism as has Dennis Hopper's *Colors*, which stars Robert Duvall and Sean Penn and is playing at the Mann's Central Square Theatre.

The issue is simple. The film is supposed to "realistically" (whatever that means) portray the hopeless situation surrounding street gangs in Los Angeles. This means the gang characters in the film take drugs, swear, fight, do lousy things to innocent people, and no real resolution is ever reached. Critics say that this is fueling the fire, that making a film about gang violence will incite more killings, and therefore there are many campaigns to boycott the film all over the country.

Dennis Hopper is a freaked out actor and a pretty good director, but all these attacks are too much for him. I saw him defending *Colors* on T.V. saying, "Hey, Orion pictures is releasing [Colors], and they release high class stuff, like Woody Allen's pictures and everything. If they thought it would cause problems, they wouldn't do it." All those drugs have hurt Hopper's ability to defend his film. Let me try.

To censor or criticize an art work because it is too much like real life or because

it advocates violence is a new low in social stupidity. For one, *Colors* is not about real life. There are seventy thousand hardcore gang members in Los Angeles, and they commit over three hundred murders a year. They sell so much crack and cocaine that they

violence.

*Colors* does not advocate violence. Violence is how the story needs to be in order to overcome its traditional plot line. Critics who say that Good should beat out Evil in the film sound like the Hayes commission in the thirties, who restricted the architecture of films so much that no truly dramatic picture was able to be made until 1955.

The issue isn't whether the violence is like real life. From what I read in the paper, it doesn't come close to presenting the shameless and apathetic sense of death that really exists inside gangs. It's whether the violence and ambiguous resolution

are important to the film's resolution. They are.

*Colors* is a good film. Sean Penn is a strong actor, who unfortunately is best known for his choice in women. He plays an egotistical and naive cop, and he does it well. Robert Duvall is one of the three best American actors alive, and this performance is as good example as any of why. The story was a little too Hollywood for me, especially the ending. But I'd see this five times before I saw *Fatal Attraction* or *Broadcast News* again. It has tight writing, solid directing, and great acting. It's worth a trip off campus.

Talking Heads from page 14

something about the timbre that cannot fail to make you nervous.

The album closes with "Cool Water," a celebration of vanity and death that David describes as "unusually negative" for a current Heads' song. That is an understatement. Put away the double-edge super blues, and the sleeping pills before you listen to this one. "Their work is over now/ And rest will be at hand." 'Nuff said.

The cassette has a big nasty blank space at the end of side one, and we all know the stated reason for this by now. How many times have you thought that your stereo must have the slowest fast-forward in the universe? Actually this is a ploy to convert us all to CD, and if you bought it on vinyl, you're too stupid to be reading this paper. But whatever your preference, get "Naked," 'cause if you want to, who's going to stop you?

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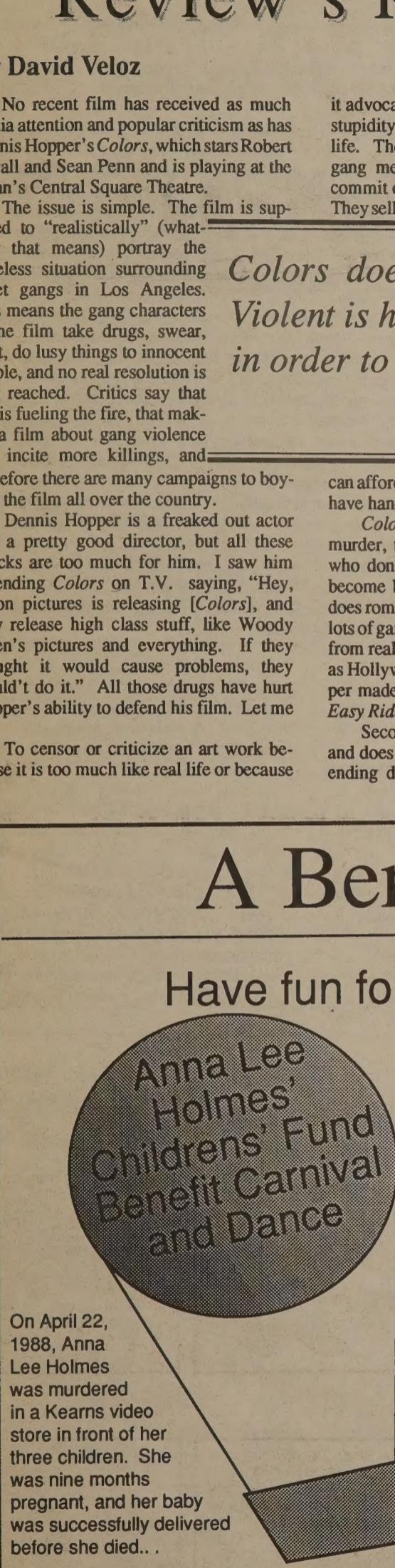
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# Summer Activists:

*Pray, run, or road-trip your way to social consciousness*

by Colin Austin

The tanning months in Provo are typically carefree and restless. There's simply too much empty time to justify a summer without a cause. For those who have been politically dormant during winter semester, summer provides an opportunity to stretch your flabby charity-muscles. Typically, activist events are not heavily advertised, but *active* activists will find information without too much difficulty. The following is a partial list of some of the possibilities to create a fulfilling summer experience.

**Go to the Peace Camp.** Being trapped in Provo for an entire summer is considerably more bearable if enlivened by some road trips. This past semester, a small group of BYU students took part in one of the largest protests in American history at the nuclear testing site in Nevada. There is a permanent campground near the site open through the entire summer to observers or demonstrators; it provides an excellent opportunity to witness testing and express feelings about it. The Peace Camp can be reached at (702) 642-0035 for more information and literature about the activity. Also, the Utah Peace Test needs people to help develop their projects. This organization often provides connections to other state and national peace groups and has coordinated several responsible protests and actions. Any assistance would be gladly accepted; to find out about activities and the next meeting call 377-9151.

**Campaign for credit.** One of the most direct ways to affect the political process is to campaign for a favorite candidate. Within the next month, all major candidates in the presidential race will be actively campaigning in Utah, so energetic college students will be in high demand to help with a wide variety of canvassing efforts. The George Bush Push has already begun among many students, but there is also an established Dukakis drive and growing support for Jesse Jackson. On the local level, the senatorial and congressional races are open for assistance. BYU's Political Science department even offers class credit for campaigning. Those interested in information or the availability of campaign internships can call the Political Science Department at 378-6092.

**The Prayer for Peace Vigil** still maintains a following and continues to hold gatherings on Thursdays in front of the Wilkinson Center bulletin board from 11:15 to 11:45 AM. Discussions revolve around topics of non-violence and human rights issues. The Vigil welcomes all passersby and invites peaceful participation.

**Thoroughly Modern Molly.** On May twenty-first, the National Organization for Women will be holding a Utah NOW Conference in the Marriott Hotel in Salt Lake City. National President Molly Yard will speak in the morning along with Jeanie DePaulis, and several workshops regarding women's rights will be presented. Pre-registration is required and forms can be obtained by contacting the Utah NOW office at 483-5188.

**Political Perambulation.** Another Provo happening is the ten-kilometer Freedom Run, which will take

place on July 4. Anyone wishing to make a political statement may don their favorite T-shirt and bring along plenty of buttons. This race is a must for activist runners and is short enough to be fun for those not in training. Keep an eye on the newspapers in June to get entry forms and registration materials.

**Save It Now—Enjoy It Later.** Most people become aware of environmental issues when they go out to enjoy it during the summer. Representative Nielson will be in Provo this month on Friday the Thirteenth to hold a town meeting. The meeting will be held in the City Council chambers of the town hall at 7:30, and the Representative will deal with air quality in Utah valley. Other points of interest are the beautification projects being undertaken in the surrounding canyon areas. Robert Redford, who was recently on campus talking about attempts to establish parks and walking paths in Provo Canyon, specifically asked college students to volunteer time in construction and landscaping. Students should contact the Chamber of Commerce to find out how they can help. For the hard-core environmentalist, there is a Memorial Day weekend activity going on in the Grand Canyon. Uranium mining and Indian grave vandalism are some of the issues to be discussed. Call (602) 774-0829 to get a schedule of the seminars.

Being an activist during the summer can give purpose to those long days of summer and meaning to non-academic efforts. Bandanas and torn jean jackets are not required—or even desirable—during the hot weather and no qualification other than an inherent will to be active is necessary. The opportunities are many and the rewards great, summer was made for getting involved.

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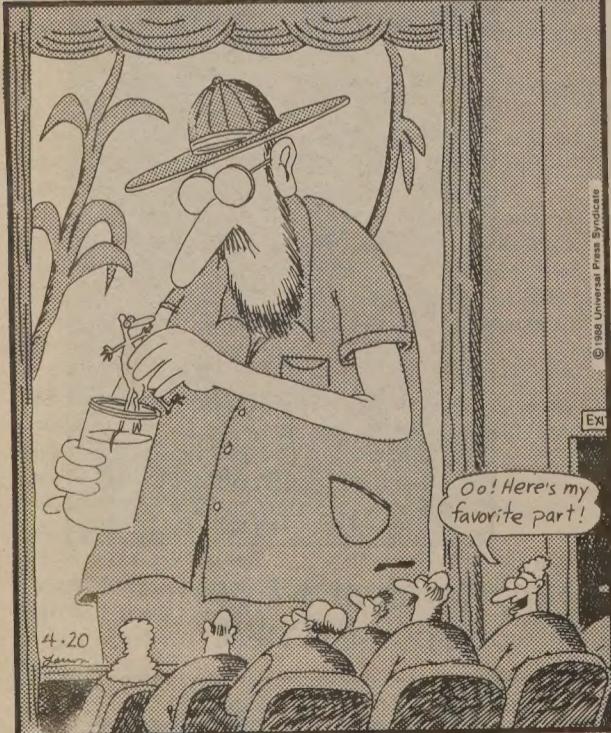
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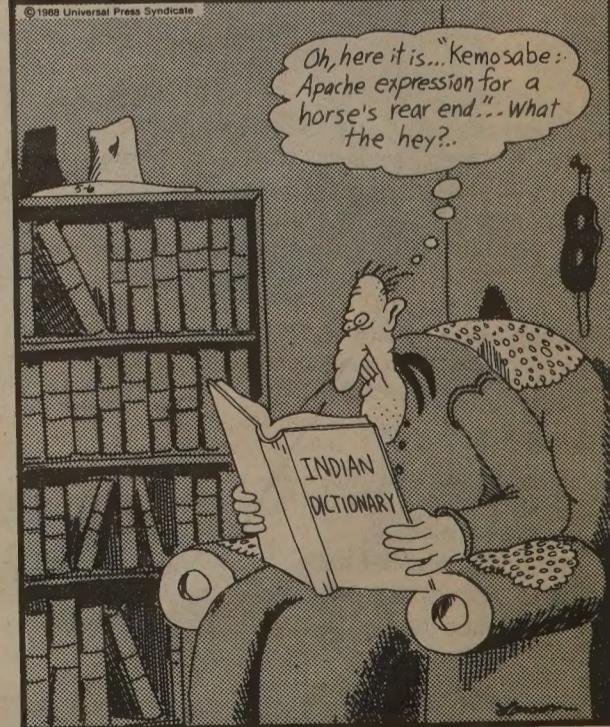
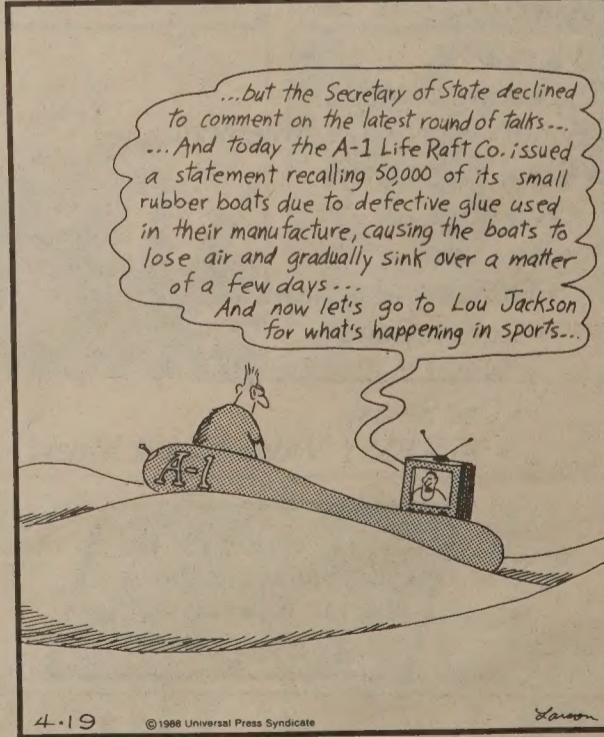
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### FARMS from front page

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ing list included 2,500 names. At the beginning of 1988, more than 8,000 people were receiving the FARMS newsletter or mail-ordering materials. However, the foundation's directors set a goal to increase membership to 20,000 by the end of the year. According to Welch, FARMS membership has increased to 14,000 at the end of March, and he feels confident that it will easily exceed the 20,000-member mark before year's end.

The future for FARMS looks even brighter. The wealth of information FARMS has gathered into one place for the first time is carrying with it the intellectual momentum to create not just one great Mormon scholar, but a whole generation of them.

By GARY LARSON